

AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

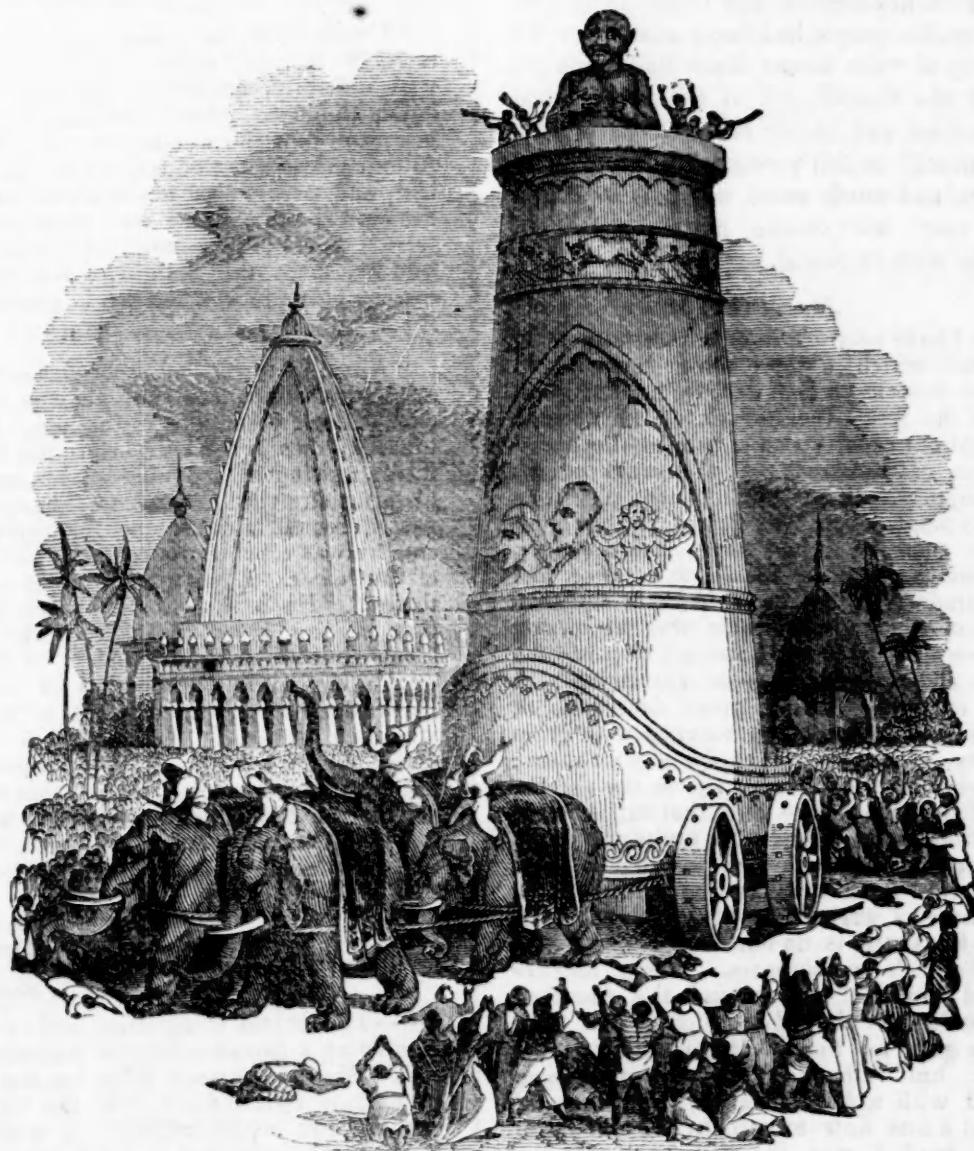
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VOL. I.

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No. 27.



THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

How far beyond description is a picture; yet, how far above a picture is reality! No wonder humanity and common sense have clamorously demanded of England the abolition of the worship of this horrible idol; no wonder that the East India Company have

been disgraced by giving money for its support; by paying, as it has been emphatically said, for the ropes that dragged the car along, to crush the bodies of miserable victims.

Dr. Buchanan was the first writer to pro-

claim to the world the true nature of this dreadful worship; and, if we would give a just and complete description of it, we must return to the forcible language in which he expressed his feelings and recorded his observations, while on his visit to Orissa, the metropolis of Juggernaut, in 1806. He tells us that one of his principal objects in his tour through India was, that he might give his countrymen a comparative view of the nature of heathenism and Christianity. At Tanjore, the people had lately abandoned the worship of "the Great Black Bull," and received the Gospel, but at Orissa he found the ancient and bloody superstitions of Juggernaut still in full power. He wrote what follows, and much more, which is so shocking, that we choose not to pain our readers with its recital.

Juggernaut, 18th of June.

"—I have returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan brought out of his temple amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised, by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued audible for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance; all eyes were turned towards the place, and, behold, a *grove* advancing! A body of men, having green branches, or palms in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again sent forth a voice "like the sound of a great thunder." But the voices I now heard, were not those of melody or of joyful acclamation; for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. Their number indeed brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful Hosannah or Hallelujah; but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of *hissing* applause. I was at a loss how to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women; who emitted a sound like that of *whistling*, with the lips circular, and the tongue vibrating; as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

"The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's

cable, by which the people drew it along. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody color. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow color. Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved."

"I went on in the procession, close by the tower of Moloch; which, as it was drawn with difficulty, grated on its many wheels harsh thunder. After a few minutes it stopped; and now the worship of the god began. A high priest mounted the car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people; who responded at intervals in the same strain. "These songs," said he, "are the delight of the god. His car can only move when he is pleased with the song."

"After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of the blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the *Hurries* to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains. How much I wished that the Proprietors of India Stock could have attended the wheels of Juggernaut, and seen this peculiar source of their revenue."

Juggernaut, 20th June.

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
"Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears."

MILTON.

"—The horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday a woman devoted herself to the idol. She laid herself down on the road in an oblique direction, so that the wheel did not kill her instantaneously, as is generally the case; but she died in a few hours. This morning as I passed the Palace of Skulls, nothing remained of her but her bones."

Juggernaut in Bengal.

Close to Ishera, a beautiful villa on the river's side, about eight miles from Calcutta, once the residence of Governor Hastings, and within view of the present Governor-General's country-house, there is a temple of this idol which is often stained with human blood.

"Juggernaut's Temple, near Ishera, on the Ganges."

"Rutta Jattra, May, 1807.

"The tower here is drawn along, like that at Juggernaut, by cables. The number of worshippers at this festival is computed to be about a hundred thousand. One of the victims of this year was a well made young man, of healthy appearance and comely aspect. He had a garland of flowers round his neck, and his long black hair was dishevelled. He danced for a while before the idol, singing in an enthusiastic strain, and then rushed suddenly to the wheels, he shed his blood, under the tower of obscenity. I was not at the spot at the time, my attention having been engaged by a more pleasing scene.

"On the other side, on a rising ground by the side of a Tank, stood the Christian Missionaries, and around them a crowd of people listening to their preaching.

"I sat on an elevated spot to contemplate this scene; the tower of blood and impurity on the one hand, and the Christian Preachers on the other. I thought on the commandment of our Saviour, 'Go ye, teach all nations.' I could not help wishing that the Representatives of the Church of Christ in my own country had been present to witness this scene, that they might have seen how practicable it is to offer Christian instruction to our Hindoo subjects."

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

[From the Boston Gazette, published in 1780, Oct 16.]

Extract of a letter from a gentleman, dated Tappan, Oct. 2, 1780.

He began his negotiations with the enemy to deliver up West Point to them, long before he was invested with the command of it, and whilst he was still in Philadelphia: after which he solicited the command of the post, for the ostensible reason that the wound in his leg incapacitated him for an active command in the field. It was granted him on the 6th of August last. Since which he has been as assiduous as possible in ripening his plans, but the various positions the army assumed, prevented their being put into execution.

On the night of the 21st ultimo, he had an interview with Major Andre, the Adjutant General of the British army. This gentleman came on shore from the Vulture man of war, which lay not far from Teller's Point, to a place on the banks of the river, near to the Haverstraw mountain, where we met Arnold, who conducted him to the house of Joshua Smith, (the white house), within our lines, and only two miles from Stoney Point. They arrived in the house just before day, and stayed there until the next evening, when Major Andre became extremely solicitous to return by the way he came, but that was im-

possible, for the two men whom Arnold and Smith had seduced to bring him on shore, refused to carry him back. It then was absolutely necessary he should return to New York by land. He changed his dress and name, and thus disguised, passed our posts of Stoney and Verplank's Points, on the evening of the 22d ult., in company with the said Joshua Smith, brother to William Smith, Esq., Chief Justice within the British lines; lay that night at Cron Pond, with Smith, and in the morning left Smith and took the road to Tarry Town, where he was taken by some militia lads about 15 miles from King's bridge. He offered them any sum of money, and goods, if they would permit him to escape, but they readily declared and inflexibly adhered to it, that 10,000 guineas, or any other sum, would be no temptation to them. It was by this virtue, as glorious to America as Arnold's apostacy is disgraceful, that his abominable crimes were discovered.

The lads in searching him, found concealed under his stockings in his boots, papers of the highest importance, viz:

1. Returns of the ordnance and its distributions at West-Point and its dependencies,
2. Artillery orders, in case of an alarm.
3. Returns of the number of men necessary to man the works at West Point and its dependencies.
4. Remarks on the works at West Point, with the strength and working of each.
5. Returns of the troops at West Point, and their distribution.
6. State of our army, &c.; transmitted by General Washington to Arnold, for his opinion, which state had been submitted to all the general officers in the Camp for their opinions.

Besides which, it appears, that Arnold had carried with him to the interview, a general plan of West Point and its vicinity, and all the works, and also particular plans of each work, on a large scale, all elegantly drawn by the engineer at that post. But these were not delivered to Major Andre, and from their requiring much time to copy, it is supposed they were not to be delivered until some future period.

From some circumstances it appears that it was not Arnold's intention to have deserted, but that he meant to be taken at his post, which, from his distributions of the troops, it was very easy to have seized.

His excellency the General, on his return to camp, determined to visit West Point, and in pursuance of that plan, was viewing some redoubts which lay in his way to Arnold's quarters. He had sent our servants there, and Major Shaw and Dr. McHenry had arrived, and were at breakfast with the traitor when he received intelligence by letter of Andre's being taken. His confusion was visible, but no person could devise the cause. He hurried to his barge with the utmost precipitation, after having left word that he was

going to West Point and should be back immediately. This was about ten in the morning of the 25 ultimo.

The General proceeded to view the works, wondering where Arnold should be; but about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he was undeceived, by an express with the papers taken on Andre. The apostate at that time was on board the Vulture, which lay about five or six miles below Stoney and Verplank's Point.

Major Andre was brought to the General at West Point, and from thence he was brought to this camp. A board of general officers have examined into his case, and upon his own most candid confession, were of opinion that he was a spy, and according to the custom and usages of nations, he ought to suffer death; and about two hours ago he was executed.

This gentleman was in the highest degree of reputation in the British army, of the most polite and accomplished manners, extremely beloved by Sir Henry Clinton. His deportment while a prisoner was candid and dignified. He requested no favor, but to die the death of a soldier, and not on a gibbet. Rigorous policy forbid granting a favor, which at first flash seems immaterial. Our army sympathizes in the misfortunes of *this Chesterfield of the day*. But if he possessed a portion of all the blood of all the Kings on earth, justice and policy would have dictated his death.

The enemy from hints which some of the officers dropped, appeared to be inclined to deliver Arnold into our hands for Major Andre; but they have since declared it was impossible. If it could have been effected, our desire to get Arnold would have rendered the exchange easy on our part.

The British army are in the utmost affliction on the account of Major Andre; and have sent repeated flags on the subject. Yesterday they sent General Robertson, Andrew Elliot, and William Smith, Esqrs; the two latter were not permitted to land. General Green met Gen. Robertson; he had nothing material to urge—"but that Andre had come on shore under the sanction of a flag, and therefore could not be considered as a spy."

But this is not true, for he came at night, had no flag, and on business totally incompatible with the nature of a flag. He also said they should retaliate on some persons in New York and Charlestown; but he was told that such conversation could neither be heard nor understood. After which he urged the release of Andre on motives of humanity, and because Sir Henry Clinton was much attached to him; and other reasons equally absurd.

I have been particular in this narrative, well knowing what strange stories you will have on the subject.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS, worthy to be impressed by every parent upon every child.

Address of Dr. Nott, at the late semicentennial celebration of Union College, Schenectady:

Dr. Nott began by alluding to the feeble state of his health, which perhaps rendered it more proper that he should abstain from active participation in the exercise of the day.—But he could not be silent. He had often found himself in the condition of a parent bidding adieu to his children; but never before had been in the place of a parent, around whom children and grand-children had, after the lapse of years gathered again, to give and receive congratulations. My children, said he, having but one life to live, let us live well. Having received so many advantages, shall we not add something to this goodly heritage for the benefit of those who may come after? Individuals must die, but by Institutions, we transmit their priceless benefits to future generations. The revival of no knowledge has so benignant an effect upon man as that of the Bible. Once the Clergy alone were capable of reading it, and they possessed, oft times, but portions of the sacred volume.—Now the whole has been stereotyped in a hundred different languages, and agents are employed in its circulation, as widely as the race of man inhabits our Globe. It is believed that ere long the millions who live upon this planet, will read this Book, who now grope in ignorance and bondage. Where has not this book carried civilization, and arts, and the love of liberty? Science owes a deep debt to the Bible, and we should not be slow to acknowledge the debt.

The progress of science and the arts, has conferred great benefits upon man. But after all, death is not the less terrible, because it is not the less certain. The grave must be the ultimate residence of man. No elixir will ever be discovered which will render man immortal. Chemistry will never reverse this universal dissolution, and reorganize the contents of the Urn. The Bible alone meets the wants of man—that heals all our misery—in that is revealed the Chemistry by which the dissolution of Ages will be reversed in a moment, and millions be renewed in the twinkling of an eye.

Never before have I so felt the responsibilities of my situation, as when I look upon so many agents sent forth from here to operate upon the destinies of man. Another will see—I shall not—when another 50 years shall have rolled away—other thousands gathered under a spacious canvass, to mingle *their* congratulations. Some of you, my children, will then be present. I shall not be—many of you will not. The will of the Lord be done. However long or short Heaven may permit us to live here, let us always bear in mind that no man is to live for himself alone.—Science does not enrich as for our own sakes

we are only God's agents on a larger scale to confer greater benefits upon mankind.

After our salutations shall have ended, we must separate, but not for ever. We shall all meet again, within the limit of an hundred years. But where? In that world from which no man ever comes again to earth—from which no traveller has ever returned—I have been young, and now am old; and I declare to you my children, that if I were to live my life over again, I would, from the very outset, I would live more devotedly to my God and country. If my existence was to be as brief as the ephemera which float in the sunbeams of the morning, I would rather ascend with the eagle in his upright flight, than to blend my soul and body with the tenants of the gutter. I would live well, that I might resign my existence with honor.

Some of you shall live, when I shall be forgotten. My voice shall soon be silent—and no longer warn the wanderer, or console the mourner. The clods of the valley will rest upon my body, and this palsied arm will no longer be stretched out to supply the wants of others. I commit, then, all these interests to you. See to it, that the poor always have friends—that your Saviour always has disciples—that your Lord ever has worshippers. Diffuse this spirit to others. Let Union College be the centre of a mighty influence which shall reach the extremities of the earth, and tell with power upon the destinies of man, until Christ shall come again. And should it ever be my lot—oh happy thought—to enter the mansions above, let the spirits of the dead bring to me tidings of your faith, and patriotism and labors of love. Let each returning angel bear the record of what you are doing or purpose to do for God and your country. Let it be known on Earth, and told in Heaven, that other BRAINERDS have gone forth to preach the Gospel—that other HALES have arisen to administer the law. Let it be known on Earth and told in Heaven, that other HOWARDS have arisen to bear the lamp of hope to the dungeons of despair—that many GRANVILLE SHARPS are found to advocate the cause of the down-trodden and the oppressed. And feel not that your work is done, nor your mission over, until virtue and happiness shall be diffused throughout the world.

This touching, off-hand address of the venerable PRESIDENT was listened to with deep emotions, and the unbidden tear moistened many an eye. He closed with a sentiment highly complimentary to the Alumni of the College, who, he said, had conferred greater benefits than they had received.

And here, perhaps, much to the joy of the reader, must I leave this scene. Remorseless time, and the no less remorseless "train to Albany," bade me hasten to the cars. Of the many good things said and done after five o'clock, others must be the recorders. I can feel somewhat of the closing scene, the mingling of the voices of the assembled hundreds

, in singing the following parting Hymn, to that tune of all tunes—"Old Hundred"—the only melody that will never die:

TUNE—"Old Hundred."

Swell high the festal song to-day,
In many an old familiar strain;
Let Friendship here hold sovereign sway,
And crown'd by Truth and Virtue reign.

No nobler love the heart may thrill,
Than that which learning renders dear :
No purer, loftier zeal can fill
The soul, than that which fills it here.

For here fair Science greets us yet,
With her old smile, serenely bright ;
And Truth, whose tones we ne'er forget,
Sheds round our path her vernal light.

That placid face of reverend age,
Whose kindly smile so often strove
Our Youth for virtue to engage,
Beams ou us with paternal love.

The voices of the past we hear ;
We see familiar forms again ;
Though Mem'ry claims the bitter tear
For those on whom we call in vain.

Their memory through our festal hymn,
Entwines a mournful, tender strain ;
Their worth, which time nor death can dim,
Robs the sad heart of half its* pain.

Then swell the festal song to-day,
In many an old familiar strain ;
For Friendship here holds sovereign sway
And the bright Past shall live again.

Albany Paper.

A WELL-BEHAVED INTRUDER. We could not help smiling last Sabbath forenoon, while at meeting, on beholding a dog mounted on the topmost step leading to the pulpit, with open mouth and outstretched tongue, leisurely surveying the audience, and occasionally raising his eyes to the choir, who were then singing a hymn. He half turned himself round toward the minister, as if with the intention of holding intercourse with him, but immediately wheeled back, indicating that he had changed his mind. It is hard to determine what his thoughts were, or whether he liked or disliked the looks of the minister and congregation. Sure it is, however, that he slowly and silently descended the steps, bowing to those he recognized, who evidently wished to "turn him out," but did not dare attempt it, lest he should give vent to his disapprobation in tones "loud and deep."

Without any further notice, than merely nodding to those whose eyes were directed toward him he partially signified that he was in favor of the "largest liberty," and strolled wherever his inclinations led him. He walked up and down the broad aisle, apparently pleased with himself and with all he

saw. He uttered no sound, but practised the strictest silence, noiselessly moving about, and occasionally wagging his tail, in token of recognition. We have seen puppies in meeting who had not half the manners he displayed, and we are inclined to question whether they had an equal amount of brains. Altogether he was a well-behaved intruder.
—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

For the American Penny Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG READERS.

What would we not give to see ten thousand of our young women, boys and girls, engaged in such a course of reading and study as we could point out, as they could pursue, with great pleasure and benefit to themselves, and great profit to the country! It is enough to excite a man beyond any ordinary feeling, to calculate the good results that might flow from a few of our youth now adopting a judicious course for life. But, surrounded by the bad taste, bad examples, and bad and frivolous books of the present day, how little room have we for hope! Yet how can we afford to despair? A generation of Americans, grown up with the unfurnished and debilitated minds of trash-readers, must prove wholly incompetent and undisposed to perform the duties of good citizens and good members of a society like ours, and if a state of danger should occur, why should we not be ruined?

Let us then hope on, and write on, and work on, whenever an opportunity offers. Let us call upon parents and teachers, let us exhort the young with an ardor like their own, to shun Fiction—devote yourselves wholly to the truth—read only of facts, past, present or to come. Reject fiction, fiction-writers and fiction-readers! What if the majority will not regard, what if hundreds ridicule, what if we see few or more who comply; will there not be some? Yes, we know there are some, who not only are willing to hear and consider, but those who have renounced the reading of fictions, either through advice, or guided by their own good sense, and steer against more powerful currents that some men have stemmed, who have been called heroes.

It is our gratifying lot now and then to meet with judicious parents and ingenuous youth, who have made up their minds on this subject, and are pursuing the right path; and their remarks and arguments we listen to with pleasure. Will there not be more? Earnestly but kindly would we urge all to examine the question coolly and deliberately, and to make an experiment, a fair one, and of course not a very short one, by reading only true books until their natural taste for truth is recovered.

Sudden.—Mr. Peacock, formerly of the Catskill House, while sitting in a chair at Stewart's Hotel in Albany, on Friday, fell upon the floor and died.—*True Sun.*

THE PYRAMIDS.

[From a Report of one of Mr. Gliddon's Lectures, delivered some months ago.]

The Egyptian Society and a few private individuals have verified hierological knowledge to the close of 1841. A new era dates from 1842; and as a clear knowledge of Egyptian history is possessed from 2000 years B.C., it is on the Pyramids, built long before them, that the attention of the savans of Europe is now concentrated.

On this hoped-for information, depends all knowledge of the human race between Mizraim and Abraham—now a void of time. The Prussian Scientific Mission under Prof. Lepsius are directing their efforts to this great end—whilst the scientific and curious are anxiously expecting the great Prussian Work, in which many astounding facts, as hinted in private correspondence, and expressed in official documents, will be presented.

The Great Pyramid at Memphis is built of blocks cut of limestone, quarried on the Lybian Rock on which it is built. These blocks vary from 2 feet 2 inches, to 4 feet 10 inches in height. It was cased with blocks of beautiful white limestone cut in the quarries of Toorah, distant between 15 and 20 miles on the opposite side of the river. Col. Vyse discovered these casting stones, and the pavement with which the pyramid was surrounded. The masonry of this structure, and the beauty of the pavement surpass belief; it is out of human power to exceed it! It is lined inside with massive polished granite blocks, which have been brought from the first cataract, 640 miles distant. They are of all sizes, from four feet square to ten long, by two feet six inches thick, and fitted together with a precision so extraordinary that it is often difficult to find the joint! The roof of Nelson's chamber is made of granite blocks above 38 feet long. Even the revetment has joints "not wider than the thickness of silver paper," and such is the tenacity of the cement with which they are held together, that a fragment of one that had been destroyed, remains firmly fixed in its original alignment, notwithstanding the lapse of above 4000 years time, and the violence which broke the block of limestone itself!

In the great pyramid alone, the granite blocks must weigh tens of thousands of tons, and the amount of Granite in all the pyramids many hundreds of thousands. In examining the interior of some of these pyramids, it is well to note the early use of the species of inclined roof which is the parent of the pointed Arch.

The dilapidated state of this pyramid proceeds from the Arabian caliphs of Cairo; who, centuries ago, at different periods took down the out-casing stones, partly to effect the hopeless destruction of the pyramid itself, and partly to collect material for bridges

and sluices near the Pyramid, as well as for works at Cairo. It is very certain that many if not most of the Arab Sultans of Cairo took materials from the pyramids, but the opening of the great one and its desecration seems to have been done A. D. 842, by El Mamoon. They removed, from the surface of the great pyramid, about three tiers of stone, and the casing, thus reducing it from 480 feet perpendicular, to its present height, which is 450-9—that is, 30 feet lost from its pristine elevation. They left it in this condition, because, after employing some thousands of workmen for two years, they found that the little they had taken off from its vast surface, so lumbered up the base, that it was necessary to carry that away before taking down any more, and in consequence, they abandoned the labor as hopeless.

It is from this pyramid that a gentleman was once desperate enough to throw himself off! In 1831, an English traveller, named James Maze, threw himself from the Eastern side of this structure. His companion and himself were standing on the top, and whilst the former's back was turned, Maze must have fallen, for on turning round and missing him he ran to the edge, and there saw Maze lying on the 6th step from the top, evidently in extreme agony. But before he could reach him, the unfortunate man uttered a groan, and rolling heavily down from step to step, the body continued to descend with accelerated force, until it reached the bottom a mass of bleeding matter.

This is the only instance on record of death from a fall from the pyramid, and as in the case of this individual, there is every reason to believe both from the sayings and arrangements of Maze before he went from Cairo, that the act was premeditated, it may be inferred that with common caution, there is no danger in ascent or descent, if the traveller will allow his Arab attendants to take him up in their own fashion.

The Second Pyramid is difficult and dangerous in its ascent. Mr. Gliddon informs us that he has never been tempted to make it. He knew, however, about half a dozen travellers who had climbed it, and is told that not more than 25 European names are carved on the top.

The general impression current in Europe arising from the hasty remarks of travellers, is that not more than three pyramids exist in the Necropolis of Memphis. This is an absolute error, and it will be new to most persons to learn that in Lower Egypt, beginning just below Memphis, and continuing into Middle Egypt, there are the remains of at least 39, of which as many as 25 are in comparatively good preservation.—In the Thebaid, there are two more; and on the plains of Meroe, in Ethiopia, twelve hundred miles above Memphis, there are 139. Dr. Lepsius has discovered the sites of 24 more pyramids at Memphis. In November 1843, the Prussian Scientific Mission in Egypt had under the far famed Lepsius, begin their critical ex-

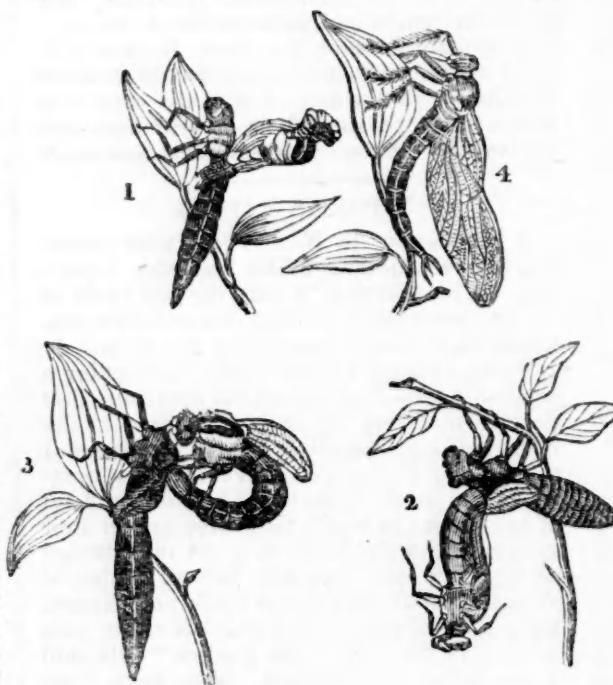
amination the Memphite pyramids, and of all the tombs and monuments in that vast Necropolis. Around the three largest pyramid alone, their labors had occupied three months—a fact which evinces the care with which they pursued their researches, and proves also the copiousness of local materials.

THOMAS PAINÉ.

A gentleman in New York, who personally knew Thomas Paine, and was repeatedly in his company during the last years of his life, gave the following account of a conversation with him respecting the Bible.

"One evening I found Paine haranguing a company of his disciples, on the great mischief done to mankind by the production of the Bible and Christianity. When he paused I said, "Mr. Paine, you have been in Scotland; you know there is not a more rigid set of people in the world than they are in their attachment to the Bible, is it not their school book; their churches are full of Bibles.—When a young man leaves his father's house, his mother always in packing his chest, puts a bible on the top of his clothes." He said it was true. I continued. You have been in Spain and Portugal, where they have no Bibles, and there you can hire a man for a dollar to murder his neighbor, who never gave him any offence." He assented. "You have seen districts in Europe, where not one man in fifty can read, and you have been in Ireland, where the majority never saw a Bible. Now you know it is a historical fact, that in one county in England or Ireland there are many more capital convictions in 6 months, than there are in the whole population of Scotland in twelve. Besides, this day, there is not one Scotchman in the Almhouse, State Prison, Bridewell, nor Penitentiary of New York. Now then, if the Bible was so bad a book as you represent it to be, those who use it would be the worst members of society; but the contrary is the fact; for our prisons, almhouses, and penitentiaries, are filled with men and women, whose ignorance or unbelief prevents them from reading the Bible.' It was now near ten o'clock at night. Paine answered not a word, but, taking a candle from the table walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself staring at one another.—*Selected.*

MYSTERIOUS VAULT IN BARBADOES.—There is a vault in Barbadoes, in which no one has courage enough to deposit the dead. In 1,607 the first coffin was placed in it, and since that period, in 1808, 1812, 1816 and 1819, several others have been placed there. At each time, however, notwithstanding every precaution to prevent its occurrence, the coffins have been thrown out of the place in the utmost confusion. The door of the vault requires the effort of six men to open it, and yet this invincible result has been witnessed. There is no secret passage to the vault, nor is there any possible way of explaining the mystery.—*Selected.*



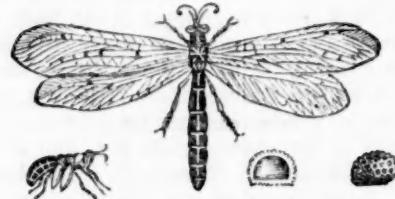
The Transformations of Insects.

THE DRAGON FLY.

At the present season multitudes of insects, of different genera and species, are changing their forms; and although the most changes are going on within the reach of our observation, and often fall under our eyes, the habit of inattention, and the want of science, prevent most of us from being aware of them.

In this print are exhibited the progressive steps by which the Dragon Fly frees itself from the covering in which it spends that portion of its life in which it exists as a water animal. In our last number, we inserted a print representing its two forms of nymph and fly. When the nymph is ready to release the winged insect which has gradually arrived at a state of perfection for the air, there is a brightening of the eyes. Soon after the skin bursts on the back, and crosswise, near the head, which is the spot in which the opening is made in most other cases; and the fly makes its appearance, as in No. 1. By struggling hard, and for a length of time, the creature, gradually acquiring more strength, gets its legs loose and at play, while its wings, still folded closely up, and soaked with the fluids in which it has been lying, seem unlikely ever to afford it assistance. Sometimes it stands motionless a little while with its head down, as in No. 2, but is soon found again renewing its exertions to get at liberty, and making violent contortions, as in No. 3. At length, leaving its shell, now a mere film, destined to disappear in the first shower, or perhaps the first breeze, the emancipated insect rests awhile to give its wings time to dry and develope, when it tries its first flight, and moves through

its new element with all the confidence, rapidity and success, as if trained by long experience.



The Lion Worm, or Leptis.

This is a singular little insect, which makes a tunnel-shaped hole in a sandy spot, and lies in wait for its prey, half covering itself, and remaining motionless, until some hapless bug or fly, caterpillar or worm, slips or rolls down within its reach. It then springs upon it, coils round it, and sucks out the blood or moisture from its body. If it escapes, the singular little savage snaps up grains of sand into the air, which fall and bring back his victim. Our print shows the covering in which it remains, after leaving this its voracious form, and the large and slender fly which emerges from it, with a new nature, mild, harmless, and not at all inclined to its original lawless life. This insect is not to be confounded with the Ant Lion, although it closely resembles it in several particulars.



Caterpillar Feeding on Leaves.

Many and various are the species of caterpillars which make the leaves of different plants their food; and few are the trees which are secure from their ravages. The favorite Chinese tree, the Alanthus, however, is still uninjured by insects of any kind, and long may it so remain.

[For a further description of Insects, see page 426.]

COMMERCE OF THE CHIEF STATES.—We learn from a careful table published in the National Intelligencer, that the exports and imports for the States named during the year ending June 30, 1844, were as follows:

	Exports.	Imports.
Massachusetts	\$9,096,286	\$20,296,007
New York	32,861,540	65,079,516
Pennsylvania	3,535,256	7,217,267
Maryland	5,133,166	3,917,750
South Carolina	7,433,282	1,131,515
Georgia	4,283,805	305,634
Alabama	9,907,654	442,818
Louisiana	30,498,307	7,826,789



OLD TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

This is a picture of the building which was taken down in 1839, to make room for the large edifice now erected, and nearly completed, on the same spot.

The first building for Christian worship in this city, was the chapel in Fort Amsterdam, under the government of Wouter Van Twiller, the second governor of New Netherlands, and stood near the present Bowling Green. In 1664, when the English got possession of the city, worship was performed in the same place, after the forms of the Church of England, and the building was called the King's Chapel.

In 1696 the first English church was erected, in the reign of William and Mary, under Governor Fletcher. The chapel in the fort was burnt a long time after, viz., at the time of the Negro Plot, in 1741. "The English Church," as the building was called, was square; and, says Smith, "pleasantly situated on the bank of Hudson's River." Divine service was first performed in it on the 6th of Feb. 1698, by the Rector, Rev. Wm. Vesey, afterwards

for many years commissary of the Bishop of London. It was enlarged at the east end in 1735 and 1737. Smith says, "it has a large cemetery on two sides, in front by a painted paled fence. Before it a long walk is railed off from Broadway, the pleasantest street in the whole town."

The building was 146 feet long and 72 wide, with a steeple 180 feet high, and the only one in the city. In 1762 it was slightly injured by lightning. Smith mentions its organ, galleries supported by pillars, with gilt wings at their tops, two glass branches hanging from the roof, the alleys paved with flat stones, and the arms of benefactors on the walls. It was burnt in the great fire of Sept. 21st., 1776, when the British entered the city, with 492 other buildings. It was kindled by sparks driven by the wind upon the shingles on the southern part of the roof. The ruinous walls remained until 1788. Through the war, the British called the walk in front of the place "the Mall," and made it the fashionable place of resort, a band of music

playing every evening in the burying-ground. The corner stone of "Old Trinity Church," the successor of that just described, was laid on the 21st of August, 1788, by Bishop Provoost, the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church of the diocese of N. York, an inscription being engraved upon the first stone, beginning with these words; "To the honor of Almighty God, and the advancement of the Christian religion." It was consecrated in 1791, and was 104 feet in length, 72 wide, and was built of grey stone in a plain Gothic style, with galleries, an organ made in England, of large size but a poor tone, two small galleries above it afterwards occupied by the Sunday School, with three large chandeliers, pews painted mahogany color, and alleys paved with diamond-shaped grey and white marble. The steeple, 108 feet high, supported a gilt ball and vane, and was of wood, resting on a stone tower, in which was a ring of eight bells, which were regularly chimed until a few years ago. A portico in front, with Gothic clustered columns, covered the entrance; and under it often passed General Washington, and many other distinguished men during the time while this city was the temporary seat of government. The steeple of the first church was at the western end; there was the great window of the second, or "Old Trinity, which contained 1039 panes, and was the largest in the United States.

This edifice was altered in 1831, to admit a cenotaph of Bishop Hobart, and taken down in 1839, because of the unsafe condition of the walls. In digging for the foundation of the large new church now erected in its place, a pavement was found, which had belonged to the first, with several broken monuments; one to Paul Richard, 1706; another to Katherine, Lady Viscountess Cornbury, 1673, &c.

ANOTHER GREAT HAUL OF FISH.—At New Haven, from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 white fish, as nearly as could be estimated, were hauled ashore by Mr. Davidson & Russell's seine, on the west side of the harbor. The fish weigh

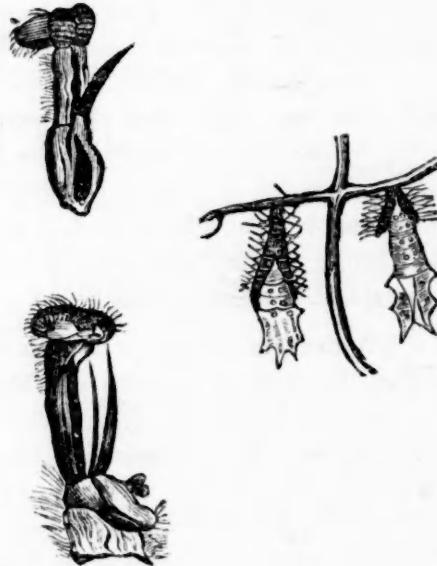
about three quarters of a pound each, and are used for manure by the farmers of the adjacent towns, who pay from 50 to 75 cents a thousand. The haul of yesterday morning was worth from \$500 to \$750.—The weight of the fish was from 375 to 500 tons: sufficient to freight a large ship. Of course they could not be drawn out of the water *en masse*, but being hauled in at high tide, and the net made fast to a windlass, the receding tide left them high and dry. Seen at a distance, thus exposed, on the shore, they looked like a snow bank, or an extensive deposite of salt.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

CAT AND BIRD FIGHT.—A friend in the country noticed a very singular contest a few days since. A good sized cat had caught a little chipping bird, and was rushing off with her prey, when a king-bird, attracted by the cries of the victim, came to the rescue, and gave a loud alarm, which was answered by a whole swarm of king-birds and swallows, which attacked the cat with such ferocity that she was soon compelled to drop her victim; but the feathered avengers were not content with this. They pursued the cat, continually pecking at her, until she found shelter under a barn, creeping through a crevice, where her tormentors did not venture to follow.—*Providence Journal.*

Description of Insects.

(CONTINUED.)

The following figures show the forms in which some of the species make and place their chrysalides.



Chrysalides of Insects.

Those of the same varieties are commonly uniform in the construction and position of their chrysalides.

The Hartford, Conn. Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb,

Extract of a Letter in the Boston Courier, dated at Hartford.

In this city, you know, is an asylum for the Insane, called the Retreat. I visited it one day last week, and was greatly pleased with what I saw. It was the hour for evening devotions—there is as yet no chapel—the inmates were gathered in the large hall and the rooms adjoining, and the service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, the chaplain to the institution. There was no confusion that I saw, and no indications of wandering thoughts, except once, a slight laugh from one of the men; all the rest were as quiet, even more so, than a congregation of sane people. The scene was deeply impressive, from the thoughts it suggested of the power of Christianity over the mind of man, even in a state of derangement. Here the demons are cast out by the power of benevolence, and the sacred influences of religion check the ragings of those who have lost the control of reason. What a change in the treatment and the conduct of the insane is here! and the Gospel has done it all. The whips and the chains have been laid aside, and at the voice of kindness the insane have become as tractable as little children.

On Tuesday last, I visited the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in company with Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, the first instructor in the institution. It is worth a ride to Hartford to witness what may be seen here. The cheerfulness of the pupils, the facility with which they converse, the perfection to which the language has been brought, and the ease and familiarity of the instructors with their pupils, are all gratifying spectacles. I attended the morning devotions here, which are truly the most impressive that I ever witnessed, for I went to see, rather than take a part in the exercise. The prayer is offered by the Principal in the language of signs, to which the pupils seem very attentive. But what an illustration is it of the omniscience of God!—We, who can talk, and always talk, seem to feel that the audible voice is necessary to make our wants known; we forget that “the eyes of the Lord are in every place,” and that he can see our thoughts as well as hear our words. There was perfect stillness during the prayer, not a word was uttered, not a breath was heard, but I felt that the Divine presence was near, as I never felt before.—I felt that the prayers of these poor mutes were answered, and I felt, too, how great is the power of Christianity. Never could such a sight as this be witnessed, except where the doctrine of a spiritual God prevails. But do we, who call ourselves Christians, realize the truth of his spirituality, as the deaf and dumb persons do? We have our Gerizim and Jerusalem, as though the voice of prayer could only be heard in such places, not seeming to think that the language of the heart is

vocal in all places to the ear of Divine love, that the temple of the Lord is wherever a man is to be found, his altar the human heart, and the sacrifice the pure and holy thought “uttered or unexpressed.” I learnt a lesson here, which, I trust, will never be forgotten; I learned the value of our faith, to see it in a new light, and my gratitude could not but be aroused, that my lot has been cast in a Christian land.

J. A. B.

Abridged for the Amer. Penny Magazine.

The Father of Agriculture in France.

Olivier de Serres, Seigneur of Pradel, was born in 1739; and is said to have devoted himself to an agricultural life, purely from the principle of an enlightened christian patriot, when opportunities were offered for public distinction. He was brother of Jean de Serres, one of the four Protestant ministers, whom Henry 4th consulted when he embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and doubtless had the power of advancing his friends to influence and office. Olivier took up his abode in the country, that he might lead the cultivators of the soil in the way of improvement. Forty years afterwards, he published his great work, under the title of “*Theatre d’Agriculture, et mesusage des champs*,” of which five editions were sold in ten years, and this number was afterwards increased to nineteen, four of which were published at Geneva. But from 1692 until 1802, this remarkable work was forgotten, and had become extremely rare, when it was decreed that it should be reprinted in the old style, with notes, under the ministry of Neuchateau. It is evident from the work, that the author was a man of learning and research, as well as of skill and patriotism, as he quotes Cato, Columella, Varro, Virgil and Pliny, and recommends certain practices in agriculture, which had fallen into disuse since their time. The “Theatre” is divided into five leading points, with subdivisions.

First, he directs to the different kinds of soil and the means of distinguishing them, by observing the plants which they spontaneously produce and otherwise, so that the chapters under that head are described as forming a little treatise on chemistry, mineralogy and botany, as they were viewed at the time. Next, he teaches how to keep up lands, and to manage them according to their properties and climates; gives good instructions on rural architecture, and particularly the means of preserving the health of farmers and their families, an

object said to be much neglected in France at the present day. The sixth chapter relates to the proper treatment of servants and neighbors, and proves that good masters make good servants. These and other branches constitute the volume.

LIVING SKETCHES OF ITALY—No. 2.

The Imprisonment and probable fate of Bishop Rézé, Romish Bishop of Detroit.

[For the Am. Penny Magazine.]

The following account we have received from a source in which we place full reliance :

While I was in Rome, in 1840, I met with an American gentleman, with whom I had previously had some acquaintance in Paris.—He informed me that he had arrived in company with Bishop Rézé, Roman Catholic Bishop of Detroit, and invited me to make him a visit. I consented; and he took me to the Convent of San Lorenzo in Lucina, where he introduced me to him. I found the Bishop inhabiting a small and inconvenient room in the second story, plainly or rather very meanly furnished, with every appearance of poverty around him. Here were three or four old chairs, and a cross bedstead of the plainest kind; and I found him in rather depressed spirits, although without any expressions of complaint.

I soon began to feel a peculiar interest in him, which increased with my acquaintance. I learned that he had come from America, to justify himself against some false charges, made by persons who were in heart opposed to him on account of his independent character and upright conduct, in certain cases, and whose intrigues had now rendered him in fact a prisoner. In Detroit he had suspended several priests and nuns, for misconduct; and two of them, (one priest and a nun), natives of Belgium, had gone to Rome to protest, and contrived to enlist in their interest Father de la Marche, Procurator-General of the Dominican Order, who is also a Belgian by birth.—The Bishop's enemies, however, were unable to prove anything against him, and even failed in their last attempt, which was to make it appear that he had purloined money entrusted to his hands. Exertions were then made to induce him to resign his Bishoprick: for, according to the rules of Rome, there were but two ways to vacate such an office, viz:

conviction of a high crime and voluntary renunciation. The latter he declined, because it would appear like a virtual confession of guilt. Though no late news has been received, it is to be presumed, that he is still alive, and also that he adheres to his refusal, because the Romish Calendar still retains his name as Bishop of Detroit, and gives that of the Jesuit, the Right Rev. Lefèvre, as his coadjutor.

After his refusal to resign his Bishoprick, his enemies had one hope left—viz: to obtain from him, by intrigue or ill-treatment, some fact or confession on which they could found a new accusation. He therefore was sent to the Convent, where I saw him, placed in a humiliating and uncomfortable situation, kept under strict watch, and never allowed to leave his miserable habitation, except for a short walk in the city. When I first formed his acquaintance, he had a companion, who visited him often, and attended him wherever he went. It was a young man named Cabanes, a French priest, from Bordeaux. He was full of professions of respect and attachment to the persecuted old man, and showed great officiousness on every occasion, which soon disgusted me, and raised many suspicions in my mind of his sincerity. Indeed, I soon plainly warned the Bishop to be on his guard, saying, I had no doubt that Cabanes was a spy, set by the Propaganda to watch and betray him. But such was his unsuspicious character, that I found I could not make any impression upon him.

Not long afterwards, Cabanes left the city of Rome, and circumstances occurred, which fully justified my suspicions, and overcame even the natural credulity of Bishop Rézé. A letter was brought, signed with Cabanes' own hand, which proved that he was supported during his residence in that city, by the friends of the Vicariate, as a spy on the French priests, and particularly on himself. That letter is now in the possession of the French ambassador in Rome.

I had frequent and familiar interviews with Bishop Rézé after the departure of Cabanes, and had full opportunity to observe the straitened circumstances under which he was kept. The Propaganda allowed him but \$10 a month for his board, and nothing for his other wants, so that he was unable to dress decently, and much more so to appear in a manner expected of priests. His scarlet or violet colored

stockings being worn out, (which are considered indispensable to a bishop,) I saw him darning them with his own hands; and he was at length obliged to wear boots to conceal the want of them. He was required to attend at the basilisk of St. Peter whenever the Pope was present at the Papal chapels, and I had several times an opportunity to observe how he got there and returned, and the treatment he received from those he met. Coachées are always provided on such occasions for bishops; but none was ever furnished for him; and to prevent him from going on foot, a friend hired a carriage to take him. While he was in the church, and amidst bishops, cardinals, and others, who recognized each other by nods, &c., he never was noticed by any one, except with looks of aversion or contempt: for every one feared that a sign of respect or even of common politeness, might expose himself to some injury and perhaps to excommunication. After the close of the ceremonies, the bishop was avoided, and left to find his way out alone, while the rest of the company proceeded to the door. Not one of all present on such occasions, except his ceremoniaire or attendant, was ever seen to hold any intercourse with him. From the rest: cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, &c., he received nothing but the most repulsive and unfriendly looks.

His appearance and manners usually expressed a melancholy state of mind; but he never spoke with severity of any one, partly I presume from his kind disposition, and partly from his knowledge of the watchfulness of those around him. I never saw a man apparently more meek and uniformly self-possessed—but he sometimes spoke with great feeling, in general terms, of the *bad passions of some men*. When I took leave of him, on the eve of my departure from Rome, in 1841, he expressed himself with much affection, said we never should meet again, and promised to write to me. I urged him to go with me, but he said it was impossible. I addressed him several letters from different places, and was surprised that I received no answer. At length, after my arrival in Paris, a French lady put a letter into my hands, which she told me she had received from Bishop Rézé himself in Rome. In it he informed that he had written me several previous letters, which he had entrusted to a young priest of the Propaganda, whom he had despatched to his diocese in America—but of them, I have never yet received any further information.

While in Paris, I went one day to the office of the Cardinal Vicar, who is in fact, the chief of what may be called the spiritual police, and truly the only real Bishop of France.

The Pope has nothing more to do with that kingdom than he has with America: all the business of it being in the hands of the Cardinal Vicar, as much as the affairs of the U. States are in those of a certain ecclesiastic in Rome. While standing in the office, I discovered Cabanes, conversing at one of the desks. He also recognized me, as I perceived by his actions—for he immediately skulked away with a rapid and stealthy gait, pulling his cloak as high up to his face as he could, and quickly passed behind me and disappeared. A short time after, being again in the same place, that treacherous priest perceived me, and stole off again like a cat, with the strongest appearance of guilt.

The last information I ever received about Bishop Rézé, was in the year 1841, from some of my friends in Bordeaux. They told me that he never would pass the frontiers of Italy again, and that he was to be sent to the Convent of Monte Casino, near Capua, in the kingdom of Naples.

It has been said that he is a citizen of the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SILK PLANT.—The following letter from D. Smith McCauley, Esq., our Consul at Tripoli, to Francis Markoe, Jr., the Secretary of the National Institute, will be read with much interest. He transmits with it some seed of the *vegetable silk*, which, in all probability, in our varied and wonderful soil and climate, will become a new article of commerce, and, like our cotton, a new and important source of wealth.—Should it succeed, and become a great staple article like our cotton, what important consequences may we not expect to follow from its introduction?—*Selected.*

U. S. CONSULATE,
Tripoli, 28th Dec. 1844.

Sir:—I herewith transmit to the Institute a small specimen of ‘vegetable silk,’ raised from a few seed that I received from Lucia, Italy, which originally came from Syria.

Without any instruction or knowledge of this plant, I sowed the seed in pots in the month of March last. In May and June, they obtained the height of six to eight inches, when I transplanted them into my garden, about eight inches apart, much too near as my experience proves. In the months of August and September they were in flower, and the pods commenced opening in October, the plants being from six to

eight feet high, and though we have had the thermometer frequently as low as 42 degrees Fahrenheit, and the apricot and pomegranate trees, with the vine, have all shed their leaves, yet there remain several pods on the 'silk plant' which are still perfectly green, and show no signs of suffering or cold. This, with some other proofs of the plant being hardy, induces me to believe and hope that it might be successfully cultivated in all our cotton growing States, and should it become a staple commodity, no doubt the inventive genius of our countrymen would soon discover the means of spinning it without the aid of the cotton fibre, which I am told they use in Syria to assist in spinning—their knowledge of the art not extending beyond the primitive distaff. The only information that I have acquired of this plant, further than recounted above, is from the mouth of one of the 'propaganda' established here, who has seen it growing in Syria, where he tells me it flourishes, and that 'the cultivation of a small field gives a support to a family; that in the second and third years it is extremely productive. The plants grow to the height of ten to fifteen feet, and are generally separated from eight to ten feet from each other.'

I also forward you by this occasion the small quantity of seed of the plant which the limited number I have raised enables me to spare, with the hope of sending a greater quantity next year, should the climate of our Southern States prove favorable to its culture, or should it be even otherwise interesting.

I beg you will distribute these seeds amongst those gentlemen of our 'cotton growing States,' who will take an interest in making an experiment of the cultivation.

Very respectfully, sir, your most obedient servant,

D. SMITH M'CAULY.

To FRANCIS MARKOE, Jr., Esq., Cor. Sec. of the National Institute, Washington.

For the Amer. Penny Magazine.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The London Annals of Natural History, No. 102, for July, 1845, contains articles on the following subjects:—

1. Some species of Cuscuta, C. C. Babington.
2. British Aunelides; Dr. Johnson.
3. British Desmidiae; J. Ralfs.
4. Colors of Leaves and Petals; E. C. Nourse.
5. Coleopterous Insects collected in the Galapagos Islands; G. R. Waterhouse.
6. Organization of Lucanæ and

Corbis: M. A. Valenciennes. Proceedings of other Learned Societies.

The colors of leaves and petals, says N. W. Nourse, are caused by fluids in a thin layer of vessels under the cuticle. This may be easily torn off with the cuticle, and then the body of the leaf or petal is a colorless mass of cellular tissue. With few exceptions, that tissue is never colored.

"The mechanical or accidental circumstances which influence the colors, are the situation of the cells, their size, form, and number, their mixture with each other, and their visibility. Tints may be produced by mixing different colors in different cells, &c.

In the article the chemical causes of color are not considered.

Birds.—It was nearly 20 years since a complete classification of the species of birds had been attempted, when G. R. Gray performed the task, with the advantages afforded by his position in the British Museum. His system is "for the most part consistent with natural affinities."

A REMARKABLE TREE.—There is an oak of magnificent dimensions standing in Sherwood forest, between Nottingham and Mansfield, England, whose history is as follows:

The estate is that now universally known as Newstead. Lord Byron's grandfather being much embarrassed, ordered all the trees that were saleable on his domain to be cut down. A certain Mr. Dodsworth, a wealthy attorney, had often passed and observed this tree, and, on hearing of his Lordship's intention, went himself to Newstead and offered Lord Byron £50 (\$244) for the tree; a legal agreement was speedily made, by which neither the present nor any future proprietor of Newstead, should have any right to cut down the tree. When it died, the land overshadowed by it was to revert to the Newstead estate. The agreement is regularly entered in the estate deeds. It is probably the only tree on earth, that nobody has a right to cut down. The tree is now preserved with great care. Its branches measure 200 feet in circumference, its trunk four feet from the ground, thirteen feet.

CINCINNATI.—The second child born in Cincinnati still lives, and has not seen the middle age of life, while Cincinnati contains 80,000 inhabitants. The old pioneer who first settled where Cincinnati now stands, when Ohio was a wilderness, walks among us hearty and strong, amid a throng of two millions of souls! And the first child born of American parents west of the Alleghany mountains, who knew Washington as a Surveyor on the banks of the Kanawha,

when the whole north-west, with immaterial exceptions, was in possession of the savage, is yet alive, and scarce numbers her four-score years and ten, yet in her day she has witnessed the growth of an Empire—the peopling of the mighty valley between the base of the Blue Ridge and Rocky Mountains!

Prodigious! indeed! Far more like enchantment than reality; a picture which has no resemblance in the annals of the world! What will another 60 years accomplish if the American people remain united, free and prosperous? We have heard many regret that they had not lived a little earlier, in the French Revolution, when its prodigious events kept the world suspended in excited admiration and astonishment, and we have shared the feeling. But more rational were the wish to have lived a half century later, to behold the wonders which progressive Civilization will then exhibit, and to ascertain the destiny of this great Republic.—*Selected.*

AN ADVENTURER IN CALIFORNIA.—Captain Wilkes, in his narrative of the Oregon Expedition, describes a visit made by a party up one of the arms of the Sacramento River to the residence of Captain Suter. He is represented as a Swiss by birth, and as having been a Lieutenant in the Swiss Guards, during the time of Charles X. Soon after the Revolution of July, he came to the United States, and resided in Missouri. He then removed to California, and obtained from the Government a conditional grant of thirty leagues square, bounded by the Sacramento river on the West. He erected his dwelling and fortification on a place which he calls New Helvetia, 50 miles from the mouth of the Sacramento, and the head of the navigation, during the dry season. A young gentleman from Newport, named Giger, was connected with his establishment.

When Capt. S. first settled at this place in 1839, he was surrounded by hostile tribes of Indians. But by his energy and management, and the aid of a small party of trappers, he contrived to control them, and even to win many to his aid. He held the appointment of Administrator, and exercised supreme power in his own district. His buildings consisted of extensive corrals and dwelling houses. He paid for labor in goods, and his stock at the time, amounted to 1000 horses, 2500 cattle, and 1000 sheep. He has 40 Indians at work for him, and had commenced extensive operations in farming.

He was frank, intelligent, conversed in several languages, and had a wife and daughter, whom he expected to join him. There were nine different tribes of Indians in the neighborhood, and within a short distance of New Helvetia. In the evening, the party was favored with a dance by Indian boys. Capt. S. may well be called a pioneer. It is by such men and with such energies, that a new empire will be built up on the shores of the Pacific.

MR. WALDO'S BEQUESTS.—Probate was granted on the will of the late Daniel Waldo, of Worcester, on Monday. The Worcester Spy gives the following accurate list of the public donations bequeathed by the will:

To the Calvinist Society in Worcester, dwelling-house and vestry, valued at	\$7,000
To the Massachusetts General Hospital,	40,000
To the Massachusetts Medical Society, in Worcester county, for the purpose of erecting a Hospital in Worcester,	6,000
To the American Board of Foreign Missions,	40,000
To the American Board of Domestic Missions,	10,000
To American Tract Society,	6,000
To American Bible Society,	10,000
To American Education Society,	6,000
To American Colonization Society,	10,000
To Leicester Academy,	6,000
To Worcester County Horticultural Society,	3,000
To Prison Discipline Society, Seamen's Friend Society, in New York,	6,000
To the same, in Boston,	6,000
To Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary,	6,000
To Bangor Theological Seminary, Maine,	6,000
To Windsor Theological Seminary, Connecticut,	6,000
	—
	\$180,000

In addition to the above, he gave during his lifetime to the Calvinist Society, a meeting house and the lot on which it stood, valued at about \$14,000, and sundry large donations to various public literary and charitable institutions.

POETRY.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Sweet home of peace! the lingering day
Still plays upon thy turrets grey;
But silent now the voice of prayer,
Which once uprose so sweetly there:
The cricket's fitful cry alone
Is mingled with the low wind's moan,
Sadly they seem to wail the fate,
That left thy altars desolate.

Sweet home of peace! how oft I've stood
Amid thy little solitude;
A truant boy, stolen forth to get
The crane's bill and the violet,—
And listened to the village hum
Which on the quiet air would come,
With the long echoing laugh and shout,
Sent shrilly from the urchin rout.

And oft at Autumn's balmy eve,
When bright flowers begin to leave
The faded grass, and gloriously
The harvest moon went up the sky;
From the far distant greenwood tree,
The kits right notes of melody
Stole upwards to the holy ground,
As joyously the dance went round.

Here, when the Sabbath day was done,
And ruddily the Summer sun
Shone over the little vale below,
Uprose the hymn, so sweet, so slow,
The traveller in the distant glen
Paused on his way to catch again
The lingering notes, till parting day
Threw its cold shadows o'er his way.

Those days have passed; and mournfully
The chilling wind goes rustling by,
But finds not there those beauteous flowers,
It sported with in happier hours;
And gentle forms who loved to gaze
Upon their bloom in youthful days,
Like them have passed away and died,
And humble here sleep side by side.
[Selected.]

STARCH FACTORIES IN MAINE.—The Norridgewock Press states that there are three starch factories in process of erection in the small town of Starks, and the amount of capital invested in them is from 15 to \$20,000. These factories will be completed and go into operation the ensuing fall. It is estimated that 60,000 bushels of potatoes will be consumed by these mills alone, which must be supplied by the farmers in the immediate vicinity of their locations, and that the needed bushels have been contracted for at 12 1-2 cents per bushel. There are now ten starch factories under way in Somerset county.

PRETTY NAMES AMONG THE INDIANS.—

The names which the Seneca Indians give their women sound pleasantly enough on the ear. To prove this, we have to say that among the most common cognomens are such as Rose-on-the-Bush, the Soft-Air, Welcome Home, Summer-Bud, Bird-at-Night, Sweet-Valley-Bush, Wind-on-Wings, Shining-Star, Young Fawn, Lark-in-the Morning, Maple-Bud, and others of equally soft and gentle import. There is some poetry about the names at least of these children of the forest.

OCEAN STEAMERS.—The Liverpool Mercury says that a respectable firm in that town is now engaged in constructing the first of a line of seven steamers, to trade between that port and Rio Janeiro. The same concern is building also a line of steamers for the New York trade, of a thousand tons burthen.—*The Sun.*

THE DUMB TAUGHT TO SPEAK.—The Lexington Observer states, that Jacob F. Todhunter, born deaf and dumb, aged twenty-five years, has been taught to articulate by his instructor, Robert T. Anderson. The editor was incredulous when he heard this statement, but Jacob called on him, bade him "good morning," made himself distinctly understood in conversation, and read a chapter in the Bible with ease and clearness.—*The Constellation.*

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